FORT FRAYNE

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTER," "A WAR-TIME WOOING." ETC.

CHAPTER XIII. Clear and sparkling Christmas morning dawned on old Fort Frayne. The clouds that obscured the moon at midnight sent fluttering earthward a fresh fall of snow and spread a spotiess coverlet over the valley of the Platte, softening rude outlines, capping with glistening white roof

and chimney, tree and tower, and merci-

fully obliterating the unsightly streaks that

led across the frozen river, and the deep

red blotches that smeared the post at No. 5. Two discoveries had been made by the officer of the guard in his search after the removal of Graice, struggling and cursing savagely to the prison room on the second floor, where Leale himself directed him placed, instead of among the garrison prisoners in the general room. One was that the sentry had received from some source a flask of whisky after being placed en post, for, half emptied, it was found on a woodpile back of the officers' quarters. The other was that he had more than once meandered from the beaten path to the rear gateway leading to the Farrars' quarters, as though some powerful attraction

drew and held him thither.

Even before the tragedy which had shocked the garrison at taps, busy tongues had everywhere been telling of Thorp's furious denunciations of Graice and of the statement as to his claiming to be the son of an officer. Members of the guard had noticed the fury that seemed to possess Graice after that episode. He slunk away from his kind as though unable to face them after having passively received such a scoring. He had twice been refused by the sergeant permission to leave the guardhouse, as it was surmised he had liquor hidden somewhere, and was craving its hery comfort and stimulant now. So strong was his conviction on this head that the sergeant had searched him before letting Graice parade with his relief at 19:15. But Graice knew too much to conceal a flask about his person. Looking only for liquor, the sergeant unluckily had failed to notice the keen knife that was secreted within the breast of his overcoat, and that knife had done bloody and disastrous work. It drinking heavily after taking his post, for he was reeling when led to the guardhouse, and the mad imprecations on his lips were fearful to hear.

Up to the reveille Christmas morning not a word had come from Fenton's command, but soon after stable call a courier came riding in with a note to Leale. "All right," it cheerily read. "We found the whole band spoiling for a fight and ready to clean out half the country anyhow, but the cowboys kept at respectful distance until we got there. Then when they knew a fight wouldn't be allowed they came charging down and demanded battle or the surrender of White Wolf and his three pals. Two of the latter were half way to Crazy Woman's Fork by this time, and I do not officially know the other, so the whole village moves up under our wing and will camp on the low ground to the west of the fort. Then when the civil authorities come with warrants and the assurance that the two shall have fair play and a square trial, Big Road will surrender the alleged murderers. Meantime no cowboy shall be allowed on the reservation. We should be back by noon." Signed, "Fen-

And by noon back they came, the big squad of regulars, the motley village of Sioux, followed at very discreet distance by an equally motley array of cowboys and citizens, and all Christmas afternoon the industrious squaws were pitching the tepees on the westward flats, herding the ponies and cooking for their lords, while most of these latter were loafing about the post, glad of a chance to prowl around the quarters and storehouses, and beg for anything they saw they fancied. As for society at Frayne, it accepted the bliss of the situation as readily as it had mourned the necessity that sent the command away. and, except in one or two households, al thought was centered in the briefly-interrupted preparations for the festivities of

Wyoming winter days are short enough yet this, almost the shortest of the year, had already proved too long, too trying to more than one comparative stranger within the gates of Fort Frayne. The story of Graice's furious outbreak, of Crow Knife's devotion and dangerous wound had gone like wildfire over the once more crowded garrison. The former, as has been said, was safely locked in the smaller prison room of the old guardhouse, where for time he had been heard savagely raging at his bars and kicking at the resounding woodwork; Crow Knife, borne on a blanket to the hospital, lay silent, patient and hovering between life and death, the captain whom he loved and for whom he had periled

his life sitting steadfast by his side. Night came on strangely still. The boom of the sunset gun and the evening chorus of the trumpets and the voices of the men at roll call all muffied by the fleecy fall of snow, yet there was premonition in the air, and old-timers glanced at the sky and at the yellow sunset, gloomily predicting ugly weather before the coming morn. Within the cheery mess rooms, where troopers were wont to flock with bustle and chaff and good-natured, soldierly noise, mingling with the clatter of plate and knife and spoon, among the cozy homes across the parade, where the families of the officers gathered at dinner, the gloom of Graice's drunken crime, mingling with the shadows of wintry gloaming, seemed to oppress every heart, killing joyous laughter, saddening soldier tones, stifling merry quips and jests, strangling every effort to throw off the weight that had settled on old and young, on one and all. Even among the more reckless and indifferent of men, Leale's impartiality and justice had won respect that outlived their dread of his stern and unyielding discipline. Even those who had suffered at his hands could not but admire more than they hated him. Among nine-tenths of the troopers he was held in solid esteem, among very many in almost enthusiastic affection, but one and all they united in praise of his conduct on this trying occasion, and in deep, if not loud, denunciation of his brutalized assailant. As for the other, the more reputable of redskinned savage, the soldiers had but one opinion: Crow Knife was the whitest Indian in Wyoming, and they meant it as a compliment despite its unflattering possibilities. Graice himself had made no friends. A man with a grievance is never popular among soldiers, high or low, and Graice's sullen, surly ways had estranged even those in whom his mouthings against his superiors of every rank, from colonel to corporal, might possibly have responsive echo. That there would be talk of lynching was characteristic of the time and neighborhood and the associations of frontier life, and that it would come to nothing

in a military garrison its most strenuous advocates fully realized. And, all the same, despite the prevailing gloom, the preparation for the dance went on. Battle and murder and sudden death, from which we worldlings so earnestly pray deliverance, were matters that might mar, but could not down, the soldier love for social gayeties. Were it otherwise there would have been many a year in the history of our little army wherein no music sounded, save the dirge, and the only answer to the battle volley was its measured echo at the grave. Just as the bandsmen peal their most joyous strains, as they lead the funeral column on the homeward march, so must there be the merry sound of music and the dance in every garrison on the fir frontier or the wolf's long how! and the savage war whoop, the bettle cry, the dying moan live unbanished from the tortured memory, and mind and matter both give way under the ceaseless strain. The morbid curiosity that brought shivering little squads of children and delegations from Sudsville and the stables, aye, from officers' row, to peer in at the scene of the fierce and sudden affray, still sent its victims thither, and questioners were perpetually bothering Rorke and his assistants who witnessed the affray as they were putting the finishing touches to the decoration

and lighting the lamps about the ball-"G'wan out o' this, Finnigan," said Rorke, flourishing his broom at the little group "Go to your quarters, Collins. Divil knows there was no persuadin' on ye to come avisitin' here when wurrk was on hand; but now ye shmell the spread, an' drame o' crumbs and heel-taps, ye're as privilent as poor relations at a wake. Arrah, go talk to me oul neimit over at the barracks yonder-me head's tired. Shure I've tould yer lasht night's dark shtory tin toimes over, an' there'll be no more sthory to tell till we know whether it's loif or death for Crow Knife-poor soul-at the hospital yonder, an' a rope or a penitentiary cell for that drunken divil in the guarahouse tower." "What's he in the tower for?" asked trooper Martin. "All by himself is he?"
Too fine for the general room?"
"Too fine? Too wise, crazed as he was,"
enswered Rorke, as he thrust himself in

A NOVEL. By Capt. Charles King, Copyrighted, 1895, by F. Tennyson Neely.

the general prison room. "Sure he begged pitiful to be shut up by himself and not out loike an onrighteous Daniel into that din o' lions-manin' two Indians an' a wolld Irish prisoner or two, an' they knowin' him to have his comrade's blood, not dary on

"Yes, and if things go wrong with Crow," said Martin, reflectively. "I reckon Graice will wish fire would stand his friend again, as he was telling us it did in Mexico." "Arrah, if foire were to visit him this night, i't him wad visit the divil in short order," sad Rorke, looking out of the window. "There's purgatory's own wind that'll be abroad presently, an' a fire shtarted anywhere in the post wad foind thim cartridges in the guardhouse before we cud say our prayers. G'wan out o' this, ye omadhauns," said he, flourishing his broom again at the crowd that gathered about him. "Schat down to Sudsville wid ye before your betters come to foind ye disfigurin' the landscape, Off wid ye, ye son av a soap dish," he cried, to a laundress's child, "and tell yer mother she ruined my best shtable frock wid her bluin' lasht week. Faith, it ran loike the legs in yer father's breeches the lasht fight we were in. Bad scran to him for the worst cobbler in the cavairy! Out wid every mother's son of ye," he cried; driving them all out but Kraut and Martin. "Shut that dure now, Kraut, and bar it wid the broad av yer back, till I git the schrane before the enthrance."

But Martin still had other questions to ask. "They say the Indians of Crow's troop will be neither to hold nor bind if that's his death wound that Graice gave I'm told there's mutterings about their having Graice out of the guardhouse to-night, tower or no tower."
Rorke turned and gazed out of the window to where the lights were beginning to burn in the little building. "I pity the man," said he, "that thries to have him out whin Captain Leale's there to watch him and says he shall sthay in "Will Crow Knife die, do you think, Corporal?" asked Martin.

"Ol don't know. The docthor believes it, an' for the besht reasons.' The voices of ladies could be heard at the moment at the vestibule and presently, with their escorts, Mrs. Farrar and Ellis came hastening in; it seemed as though they had come purposely to have one look at the old Colonel's portrait before the gathering of the rest of the party. A little behind them, pale and with an expression that seemed to tell of the strain through which she had been passing, Helen Daunton came, leaning on the arm of Ma-jor Wayne, whom she led to one side, as mother and Caughter stood in frent of the

"The light seems perfect," said Mrs. Farrar. "I'm sure I see your hand in all was evident to all that he must have been this, Rorke, and I want to thank you, not nly for myself, but for your old Colonel. It's many a Christmas we both of us have seen with the old regiment, and the first of them I was a girl bride and you a wee boy trumpeter.' "Indade, ma'am," answered Rorke, "those were happy Christmases that come afther, whin you used to come to the min's there a-ladin' the little Mashter Royle-plague on me tongue! Phwat am I sayin' of? "Speak of him when you will, Rorke." she answered gently. "I love to have him brought before me, as we remember him

then-my Royle-my brave boy!" "'Dade, an' he wah worth remimberin', ma'am. The handsome wild young riderree wid his money and free wid his fists. Many't the toime I've had to sthand betune him and his little brother-him as is my shuperior officer this day. Oh, but it's foine officer he makes, does Masther Will! I never see him so sthrait, an' handsome, and martial en parade loik his father before him-him that's gone to glory wid the love of ivery soldier that iver knew him, that I don't remimber thim days whin was a recruit an' he was the Colonel's kid. Och, what days-what days!" and, lost in the enthusiasm of his reminiscences. Rorke failed to notice that Lieutenant Farrar and Kitty had come quietly in and were standing but a little distance behind "Do ye remimber, now, ma'am the Christmas Masther Will, mounted on his little pony, ahl dressed up to kill, an' was to ake the docther's daughter out ridin', he wud, an' tin minutes later we brought him nome ahl dhrippin', and tippin', and ragin' ahl along av Corcorin's ould billy goat havin' butted him into the ditch back o' 'ompany D's quarthers, an' him ready to kill me for bustin' wid laughin'. Oh, he was a foine boy-" And here Will came furiously forward, and Rorke, horrorstricken, stiffened up to the salute. "I beg yer pardon, Masther Will."

"Your reminiscences are ill-timed, Corporal, to say the least. If you're quite finished you'd better allow your men-un-less-" and this he added with a scathing sarcasm, and glancing at Kitty, who was convulsed with laughter-"unless, perhaps, Miss Ormsby desires you to further entertain her with anecdotes of my childhood,' and here Kitty burst in:

"I? Mercy, no! My constant effort is, out of respect to you, to forget your youth, not to recall it. Surely, you are not going to put on that horrid thing again?" she exclaimed, as Will, who had laid aside his evercoat, now buckled on his weapon. "Are you afraid I'll injure you with it?" said he, with deep sarcasm. "Oh, not a bit," said Kitty. "Nor anybody else-unless you should happen to cut

"Gibe away, Miss Ormsby," said the officer of the guard. "You cannot gibe me into laving aside my saber, as duty forbids me to appear without it; even your wishes cannot be disregarded.'

"What? You officer of the guard?" exclaimed Kitty. "Ah," with a sudden change of manner, "then for one night the post is safe." Here she seized Rorke's broom, and with a capital imitation came to the position of charge bayonets. "Who comes she cried. "The enemy, a million strong! Halt, enemy, and tremble! Run for your lives! Do you know who is officer of the guard? It is Masther Will.' And then, turning from him in saucy imitation of his swagger and her stride, with her broom at right shoulder, away she marched for the dressing room.

"She's past patience," said poor Will to himself, justly wrathful at such ignominious treatment at the hands of his love. and what made it worse was that numbers cople were rapidly arriving and that many had witnessed and enjoyed Kitty's saucy mockery; but right in the midst of these new arrivals came an orderly trumpeter with a note which he lost no time in delivering to Mr. Farrar with the brief announcement: "The officer of the day's compliments, Sir, and he said the Lieutenant

should have it immediately.' Helen Daunton was among those who marked the swift coming of the messenger. and it was impossible for her to resist the impulse that drew her toward the young officer. Intuitively she knew that that message in some wise concerned her wretched husband, now the object of the wrath and curses of the whole command. Breathless she watched Farrar as he tore open the envelope and rapidly read the brief in-

"Crow Knife is dead. There is intense excitement among the men, especially the Indians, and threats of lynching have been heard. Graice knows his peril, and may try to escape. Look well to your guard. Signed, Farwell, Officer of the Day. Escape from my guard," Helen heard him say. "Not if he were my own brother."
The next minute Will had caught up his cap and overcoat and started for the door. But already Kitty had begun to repent of her experiment, and to question whether she had not hazarded too much in thus provoking her devoted but none the les peppery lover. Peering from the dressing room she saw him dart past Helen Daunton, and, giving very brief answer to some question asked, saw him pick up his cap and coat, and that was more than enough to bring her to terms. Unaware of the coming of his orderly, she looked upon Will's preparation for departure as proof positive that he was so angered against her as to have decided to quit the ballroom for good and all. In an instant she came fluttering to his side, catching him only at the very doorway. "Where are you going, Mr. Farrar?" sh

demanded, aggrieved and imploring, both 'You're engaged to me for the very first dance, sir. Surely you're not going out?" "I regret to have to ask for my release, Miss Ormsby," answered Will, with infinite dignity, "but duty of unusual importance calls me at once. My sabre and I made sport for you a moment ago, and now we are going where both are needed." and, bowing very low and looking very majestic the officer of the guard turned and abruptly left the room, leaving his late tormentor gazing after him with eyes that suddenly filled and lips that quivered suspiciously. Ellis saw through it all at once

and came to comfort her. Strange to say, the young officers were gathering but slowly to-night, and several of their number had not yet arrived. The musicians were in their places and already awaiting the signal of the ball manager, but Leale's absence was remarked by many of those present, and when Fenton entered his face, usually so jovial, was clouded and anxious, Ormsby was with him, and his eyes seemed to seek and find Ellis at once. Kitty was just turning away as they came She had watched Will's tall figure disap pear in the gloaming toward the guard house, and now precipitated herself upon Uncle Fenton to demand an explanation of Will's mysterious references to important duty, and once again, therefore, Ellis was alone. Ormsby stepped quickly to her side. She would have escaped to the dressing room, but could not do so without passing close beside him. She could not be deaf to the mingling of reproach and tenderness in the tone with which he spoke.

"It would be advertising our—difference ere you to daily me a dance or two, Miss far happier form, he quickly strove to rethe mingling of reproach and tenderness in the tone with which he spoke.

Farrar, and I have come to remind you of your promise. You have not forgotten?" hink all promises are at end between us," was the cold, constrained reply. "I forget nothing. I remember only too well."
"Ellis," said he, with sudden impulse, these are the last words we can have alone, for I have determined to go, and by the very next train. I appeal no longer for your love. The girl who has not learned to trust cannot learn to love, but I do appeal to your sense of justice-justice not to pass blind, cruel judgment on the innocent woman whose secret I am shielding at the cost of what is dearest to me in life." But she was immovable. Like the soldier's daughter she was, she looked him squarely in the eyes as she answered: "Neither an innocent woman nor an in-

nocent secret can need shielding at such "Ellis," he began, his voice trembling with passion, as he stepped close to her side, but she recoiled from him, and, noting it and the entrance of new arrivals, he strangled the impulse that swayed him, and, after a moment's silence, continued, in a tone as cold as her own: "No; I see it is useless. The last word is said; but we cannot forget the world is looking on to-night. You will give me-this dance?" She inclined her head in assent, but would not trust herself to speak. Even now, when angered and full of jealous distrust, she cared for him far too well not to note the sudden change in tone, not to feel vague yet deep distress that he had taken her at her word; that he had determined to leave her this very night; that he would plead

CHAPTER XIV. An hour later and the long-expected Christmas ball was in full swing, but the late comers entered snow-covered and buffeted, for, just as Corporal Rorke had predicted, a howling blizzard was sweeping down from the gorges of the Rockies, and whirling deep the drifts about the walls of old Fort Frayne. Leale had come in about tattoo, grave and taciturn, his fine face shadowed by a sorrow whose traces all could see. He had come for no festive purpose, and was still in undress uniform, and, after a brief slow-toned conference with his colonel, had turned at once in search of Helen Daunton, who, ever since the dance began, had hovered near the windows that looked out toward the guardhouse, barely 100 yards away, yet now, even with its brilliant light, only dimly visible through the lashing storm. Twice had Mrs. Farrar essayed to draw her friend into the little circle by which she was surrounded, but Helen had speedily shown she was unable to give her attention to what was being said or to take any part in the conversation. It was at the window Leale found her, and gently but firmly

drew her to one side and closed the shade. "I have felt in every fibre," said he, "how you were waiting, watching, and agonizing here for news from-from him. There is no news, Helen, except-you know the man he stabbed-who gave his life for me-is

"I know," was the shuddering answer. 'Has he heard? Does he realize?' "Possibly not. He seems to be sleeping. But he will know it soon enough. Helendo you know this-that to-morrow we must give him up?"" "Give him up?" she asked, unable to com-

prehend his meaning, and looking with new dread into his compassionate face. "Yes, to the civil authorities. He hascannot choose words now-he has committed murder and must be tried by a civil, not a military court." "You must give him up," she moaned, 'Oh, what can we do-what can we do?'

and, tearfully she glanced to where Mrs. Farrar was seated, chatting blithely, even joyously, now, with her garrison friends. "Yes," he answered, "and well I know now why you gaze at her. I know all the miserable truth. Ormsby told me when he came to ask my counsel and my help. He has only left me a short time since. I was pledged to help your husband, Helen, and am doubly pledged to help that dear, dear woman's son. I must protect Royle Farrar to the utmost of my power, but, Helen, in this last half hour, by the bedside of the brave fellow who gave his life for me, have looked life and my own soul in the face. I know what I must do and what I cannot do. I am not strong enough to play at friendship with the woman I love with all my soul. I can only be your friend by serving you from far away. When what s coming to Royle Farrar has come I shall take leave of absence and go over the sea. t is good-bye between us now. To-night look my last upon the face of Royle Farrar's wife. What? You want me, Will?" he suddenly turned and asked, for at this noment, throwing back the snow-matter hood of his overcoat, Farrar entered and came quickly to them, unseen by his

"Yes, sir. The news of Crow Knife's death s all over the garrison, and the men are fairly mad over it. They won't try lynching, but the sentries at the guardhouse are doubled, front and rear. Graice is sleeping yet, or else shamming. I don't think he's too drunk not to realize what would happen if Crow Knife's people got at him.' "Then your duty is doubled, lad," Leale's low-toned answer; "to hold the prisoner and to protect him, too." "I understand," said Will, firmly. "The man who gets at him to-night, sir, will have to go through hell first. And then he turned to find Kitty standing, smiling in saucy triumph at his elbow, leaning on the Colonel's arm, Still

angered against her and deeply impressed with the importance of the duties devolving upon him, Farrar would have hastened by nem with only brief and ceremonious salutation, when Fenton stopped him. "Where did I understand that you were going, sir?" said the Colonel, with mock severity of manner. "I gave you permission to remain here, sir, and you'd better jump at the chance. Here's my niece telling me that you are engaged to dance with her, and at this moment it seems you are about to leave the room. Off with that overcoat, or it's your saber that will come off, sir, in arrest. What. Slight a member of your colonel's household. Lord bless me, sir, it's tantamount to mutiny." "But, Colonel," responded Farrar, impetuously, "the officer of the day-" "Not another word, sir. Here is your fficer of the day." said he, indicating Kitty, "and you will report for duty in-

stantly. Irresolute, rejoicing, and disappointed and perturbed all in one, Farrar stood one moment hardly knowing what to do, when Kitty seized him by one arm and Leale noting his embarrassment, stepped to his

am going to the guardhouse. Will and I will look after your duties there. Have your dance and return at your convenience. The Colonel will let you go after And then Miss Kitty resumed her sway

"I shan't dance one step with you until you take that dreadful thing off." she, indicating his dangling saber, and utterly ignoring his protest that, as officer of the guard, it was part of his uniform and equipment. Her only response was that he was to remember that he was then on duty with her. "Take off that sword, sir, and hurry about it, for here neavy weapon, he handed it submissively to his imperious queen, who premptly stowed it away under the wooden settee against the wall, and, then bowing to her partner, indicated to him that at last he was at liberty to lead her to the dance. And now, smiling, joyous, and once more thrilling with mischievous delight, as she bore her sulky prize across the room, Kitty came suddenly upon the Major standing mooning and preoccupied, gazing, apparently, at the portrait of Col. Farrar, yet, as was equally apparent to the little knot of laughing lookers-on, seeing it not at all. Kitty was on the point of accesting and bringing him to himself, but with eager whisper and gesticulations Amory, Martin and others called her to them. "Don't wake him," they murmured. "Do let Aunt Lou have that comfort. See, she's coming to him now." And, as what Kitty most wanted at that moment was an oppor-tunity to restore her interrupted dominion over her angered lover, and as he was blind and deaf at the moment to anything but the considerations of his own griev

ances, personal and official, Wayne was left to become the central object of interest, while Kitty drew her deposed officer of the guard to a distant corner. Wayne was a study. That he was struggling to recall some important matter was evident to all who had long known him and for the time being he was lost to al consciousness of surrounding sights and sounds, and had floated off into that dreamland of reminiscence in which only he was thoroughly at home. One or two of the ladies who were at the moment resting from the dance, stood leaning on the arms of their attendant cavaliers and watching with them the result of Lucretia's timid yet determined, approach. Almost tiptoeing, as though afraid that her noiseles footfall might rudely awaken him, she was stealing to his side, and presently they saw her lay her hand upon his arm and peer trustingly up into his face. Thinking only of him and for him, she, too, then was al most unconscious of any observation, kindly and good-natured though it was. Unwilling to interrupt too suddenly the current of his meditations, she hesitated before speaking. Then, half timidly, she suggested: "You like the picture, Major?" Slowly his gaze came down from the halfdraped portrait, and through his eyeglasses Wayne benignantly regarded her. Finally his wandering wits returned and he roused himself to faltering answer to her repeate question. "It makes him look too old."

call his words. "I-I don't mean women, of course-I like old women. You know I liked you twenty years ago." "You left me to guess it, then," mur-mured she, vaguely grateful for even this admission and desirous of encouraging avowals even thus late and lukewarm. "Yes," he went on, "you know it seems to me-wasn't it that last night we danced together at Jefferson Barracks? That was

every day of twenty years ago." "Ah, well," answered Lucretia, "you know it is so very difficult to reckon from, because that was the 29th of February, and that coming only once in four years, you-"Hah." Wayne laughingly interrupted, and then suddenly fell back again into his old mooning way. "And yet, you know, there was something I wanted to ask you that night, and I was so confoundedly ab-

"Oh, very," said she, "for you mentioned that there was something you wanted to ask me and I have-I've been wondering what it could have been for twenty years.' "Do you know," said he, delightedly, "so have I—so have I." And here he leaned beamingly over ner and his eyeglasses fell off and dangled at the end of their cord. "It was only to-night," he went on; "it came to me that it was something connected with this ring-my class ring, you know. It's odd I can't think what it was. Why, your hand is coyly trembling." Delightedly she upraised it to meet the coming ring, and then again he faltered. "I remember I was holding the right just

like this, when somebody called to me that

I'd better hurry-"

"Yes," she said, breathlessly. "Indeed, you'd better hurry." But he was still wandering in the past. "It seems to me-oh, they'd sounded officers' call, and that meant the devil to pay somewhere, don't you know?" But Lucretia was wilting now, despondent again, and still he went on: "You know, I fancied until the very next day that I'd left the ring here," and, suiting the action to the word, he slipped it on her finger, "and yet the very next day, when I was on scout, I found-I found it here," and with that he again replaced it on his own finger. Lucretia's face was a sight to see. There was an instance of silence, and then, fail-ing to see the expression of her face, looking into the dim recesses of the past, he again wandered off. "Of course I might have known I couldn't have left it on your finger without even seeing-without even seeing if it would fit-without-' and here he lost the thread of his language entirely, and, groping for his glasses, finding them, distractedly, he tried to fit their spring on Lucretia's finger. Fenton, who had joined the group of onlookers, could stand it no longer. Bursting into a roar of laughter, he came toward them, and, thus interrupted, poor Wayne dropped both hand and eyeglass, madly trying to fit his own ring into his own eye, and look through that under the impression that it was a

"What on earth are you people laughing at?" he inquired. "Laughing at? At your trying to make a spectacle hook of Lucretia's hand, you inspired old lunatic," was Fenton's un-feeling answer, and poor Lucretia, unable to stand the raillery at the moment, turned and fled to the dressing room, leaving Wayne to confront his tormentors as best

But, while music and laughter reigned within the wooden walls of the assembly room and many young hearts were able to cast aside for the time being the oppression that had settled upon the garrison earlier n the evening, and while in some of the barracks there were sounds of merry-making and Christmas cheer, there was raging in many a breast a storm as wild as that that whirled the snowdrift in blinding clouds all around and about the guardhous?, where a score of seasoned troopers silent, grim, and by no means in love with their task, were keeping watch and ward over their little batch of prisoners, especially of the cowering wretch who had been stowed away in the upper room, an utterly friendless man.

Over across the wind-swept parade, among

the rows of wooden barracks, was one build-

ing where no laughter rang and about

which, wary and vigilant, three or four non-

commissioned officers hovered incessantly.

Here were quartered Crow Knife's few re-

maining comrades of the Indian troop. Here

were gathered already a dozen of his kindred from Big Road's transplanted village, forbidden by the fury of the storm to return to their tepees up the valley, banished by the surgeon from the confines of the hospital, where they would fain have set up their mournful death song to the distraction of the patients, and refused by the colonel the creature comforts they had promptly and thriftily demanded, except on condition that they consume them in quiet and decorum at the Indian barracks and deny themselves the luxury of their woe. Tomtom and howl were stilled, therefore, while the funeral baked meats went from hand to mouth, and disappeared with marvelous rapidity, and, indeed, but for its exciting effect upon the warriors, the colonel might as well have accorded them the right to lament after their own fashion, the howling of the tempest would have drowned all human wail from within the wooden walls. But, while they had promised to hold no aboriginal ceremony over Crow Knife's death, and meant to keep their word, they had refused to pledge themselves to attempt no vengeance on his slayer. Well they knew that, throughout the garrison, nine out of ten of the troopers would have cared not a sou had some one taken Graice from the guardhouse and strung him up to the old flagstaff, without the benefit of clergy, but this would not have satisfied Indian ideashanging, according to their creed, being far too good for him. Two of the best and most trustworthy Indians were placed by Leale, with the surgeon's consent, as watchers by the bier of the soldier scout, but the others to a man were herded within the barracks and forbidden to attempt to set foot outside. Close at hand in the adjoining quarters the men of two troops were held in readiness, under orders not to take off their belts against any sudden outbreak; but the few who first had talked of lynching or other summary vengeance had soon been hushed to silence. What was feared among the officers was that Graice had been told by some of the guard that the Indians were determined to have his scalp, and that the soldiery so despised him that he could not rely upon them to defend him. Sergeant Grafton was confident that Graice hoped in some way, by connivance, perhaps, of members of the guard, to slip out of the building and take refuge among the outlaws at the groggery across the stream. Having killed an Indian he had at least some little claim, ac-

Returning to the guardhouse, as he had promised Will, Malcolm Leale was in no wise surprised at Grafton's anxiety, and even less to learn that Graice had begged to be allowed to have speech with his

It was a ghastly face that peered out from the dim interior of the little prison in answer to the officer's summons. At sound of footsteps on the creaking stairway Graice had apparently hidden in the depths of the room, and only slowly came forward at sound of the commanding voice he knew. Hangdog and drink-sodden as was his look, there was some lingering, some revival, perhaps, of the old defiant, distainful manner he had shown to almost every man at Frayne. Respect his captain as even such as he was forced to do, look up to him now as possibly his only hope and salvation. There was yet to his clouded intellect some warrant for a shadow, at least, of a vague sentiment of superiority. Outcast, ingrate, drunkard, murderer though he was, he, private Tom Graice, born Royal Farrar. owner of all that his was legal captain held fairest, dearest, most recious in all the world. Leale's ove for Helen Daunton was something the whole garrison had seen, and seen with hearty sympathy. It would be something to teach this proud and honored officer that he, the despised and criminal tough, was, after all, a man to be envied as the husband of the woman his captain could now only vainly and hopelessly love. was his plan to bargain with him, to invoke his aid, to tempt the honor of a soldier and a gentleman, but for a moment, at sight of that stern, sad face, he stood

"You wished to see me," said Leale, "and will hear you now." "I've got that to say I want no other man to know," was the reply, after an interval of a few seconds, "and I want your word of honor that you will hold it-

"I decline any promise whatever. What do you wish to say?" "Well, what I have to tell you interests you more than any man on earth, Captain Leale. I'm in hell here-I'm at your mercy, perhaps. My life is threatened by these hounds, because by accident that knife went into that blind fool's vitals. It was only self-defense. I didn't mean to hurt "No. I was the object, I clearly under-

"Well, it's as man to man I want to

stand," said Leale: "go on."

speak. You know I never meant to harm him. You can give me a chance for justice, for life, and I-I can make it worth your "That'll do," was the stern response. "No more on that head. What else have you to ask or say?" "Listen one minute," pleaded the prisoner. "They'd kill me here if they could get me, quick enough—Indians or troopers, either. I must be helped away. I know your secret—you love my wife. Help me out of this—here—this night, and neither she nor you will ever-"Silence, you hound! Slink back to your blanket, where you belong. I thank God my friend, your father never lived to know the depths of your disgrace! Not a word!" he forbade, with uplifted hand, as the miserable fellow strove once more to make himself heard. "For the sake of the name to which you have brought only shame, you shall be protected against Indian vengeance, but who shall defend you against yourself? I will hear no more from you. To-morrow you may see your colonel, if that will do you any good; but, if you

have one atom of decency left, tell no man living that you are Royle Farrar," and with that, raging at heart, yet cold and stern, the officer, heedless of further frantic pleas, turned and left the spot. But at the porch the captain turned his back. Wind and snow were driving across his path. The sentries at the front and flank of the guardhouse, muffled to their very eyes, staggered against the force of the gale. It seemed cruelty to keep honest men on post a night so wild as that, for no

other reason than to protect the life of a man so criminal. The members of the guard who had resumed their lounge about the red-hot stove the moment the captain disappeared, once more sprang to attention as he re-entered and called the sergeant to

"I am tempted to ask the officer of the day to relieve those sentries, and let No. 1 come up into the hallway," said he. "I believe that, with the watch we have on the Indians, there is no possibility of an outbreak on their part." "There isn't, sir," was the sergeant's prompt reply. "But every man in the garrison knows by this time that it was the captain that blackguard aimed to kill, and it is not the Indians alone that would do him if they could. I find that, whenever I have had to leave the guardhouse, some of the men have talked loud, for him to hear, swearing that he would be taken out and hanged at daybreak. Others want to tempt him to try to escape, so that they can pursue him over to town and hammer him into a jelly there. The tower is the only place where he can be unmolested, sir. I couldn't guarantee his safety from some kind of assault, even if I had him right here in the guardroom. And just then a corporal came from the little office. "Sergeant, it's 10:25. Shall I form my relief?" The sergeant nodded assent. "I'll inspect it in the guardroom," said he, and as Leale turned shortly away, intending to go in search of the officer of the day, and the sergeant opened the door to let him out, Graice could be heard on the upper

floor, savagely kicking again at his bars. "That man has more gall than any one I ever met, sir," said Grafton. "He's kick-ing because we refused to send to the bar-racks for his share of the Christmas cigars." "Did you search him before he was sent up there?" asked Leale. "Has he matches or tobacco?" "Nothing I could find, sir, but other and

sharper men have been confined there,

and I'm told that somewhere under the

floor or inside the walls they've hidden

things, and he's hand in glove with all the

toughs of the garrison. "Very well, I'll notify Captain Farwell," said Leale briefly, "and he will attend to it," and he left the building on this quest, just as the second relief came tramping out into the storm, leaving the guardhouse, its few minor prisoners on the lower floor, and that one execrated criminal, his old colonel's first born and once-beloved son, cursing at his captors in the tower, all to the care of the members of a single relief; and the sentry on No. 1 set up his watch cry against the howl of the wind, and no one a dozen yards away could have heard, nor did it pass around the chain of sentries, nor was there other attempt to call off the hour that memorable night. For long days after men recalled the fact that the last hour called from under the old guardhouse porch was half past 10 o'clock. Meantime, having had two dances with his now pleading and repentant sweetheart and having been cajoled into at least partial forgiveness, Will Farrar had sought his Colonel to say that he really ought now to return to his guard, at least for a little time, but Fenton, conscious of the shadow that had overspread the garrison earlier in the evening, seemed bent on being joviality itself. He bade the boy return to his immediate commanding officer and obtain her consent before again coming to him, and Kitty flatly refused. She was dancing with Martin at the moment, and that left Will to his own devices, and, after a fond word or two from his mother, he had stepped back of the seat occupie by her little circle of chosen friends, and was standing watching the animated scene before him. Close at hand, not a dozen

It was at this moment that Leale again came striding in, glanced quickly around until he caught Will's eye, and the young officer promptly joined him. "Is Farwell here?" he asked. "He came in a moment ago. Yonder he is now, sir," answered Will, indicating by a nod the figure of the officer of the day in conversation with some of the guests at the other end of the room "Then ask him if he will join me in five minutes at the guardhouse. I need to see him." said Leale, and the youngster sped promptly on his mission. The music had just sounded the signal for the forming of the sets for the lancers, and with soldierly promptitude, the officers, with their partners, began taking their positions. Floor managers have little labor at a garrison hop. Ellis Farrar, who had reappeared upon the arm of Captain Vinton, mutely bowed her head and accepted Ormsby's hand, as he led her opposite Will and his now radiant Kitty, and Malcolm Leale, halting at the screened threshold before taking his departure, turned for one long look at Helen Daunton's face. Some intense fascination had drawn her once more to the east window, and there, as the dancers formed, alone, almost unnoticed, she slowly turned and her eyes met his. One last, long, intense gaze, one impulsive movement, as though he read in her glorious eyes the kindling light of a love

feet away, stood Helen Daunton, partially

screened from observation of the dancers.

that matched his own. He would have sprung to her side, but, with sudden recollection of the barrier between them, gathered himself, lifted his hand in gesture of farewell, and turned abruptly away. The music crashed into the opening bars of the lancers and the dance began. For a moment longer Helen stood there. Again that powerful fascination seemed to lure her to draw aside the curtain and gaze forth across the white expanse of the parade, to where the guarded prison stood, within whose walls was caged the savage creature whose life was linked so closely with those of many there besides her own. Then the thought of that other -the man whose love, all unwittingly, she had won, and the fear that, glancing back, he might see her shadow as when he came-caused her to draw hastily away. In all that gay and animated scene, as once more she faced the merry throng. Helen Daunton stood alone. The dance went blithely on. Chat and laughter and the gliding, rhythmic steps of many feet mingled with the spirted music, of Frayne's capital orchestra. Even Mrs. Farcording to their theory, to a frontierman's rar's sweet face, so long shadowed by the gladness that shone on many anoth-Longing to be alone with her misery, Helen turned to seek the seclusion of the dressing room and had almost reached its threshold, when over or through the strains of the lancers' and the howl of the wind without, there came some strange, sound that made her pause. Somewhere out upon the parade she heard the distant muffled crack of the cavalry carbine. Another-another, further away, and then, mingling with them, hoarse, low murmur, as of many voices and of commands, indistinguishable through the gale, Louder grew the clamor, nearer came the sounds; then the added rush of many feet in the adjoining barracks of "K" troop, the quick, stirring peal of trumpet, sounding some unfamiliar call. Overstarined and excited as were her nerves, fearing for him against whom the wrath of the garrison was roused, she could only connect the sounds of alarm and confusion with him and his hapless fate. She started forward to call the colonel's attention, for among the dancers the sound was still unheard. Again the shots and shouts, the rush of hurrying feet on the broad veranda without. Again and nearer, quick and imperative the thrilling trumpet call. Then, close at hand, the loud bang of the sentry's carhine and the stentorian shout of "Fire!" And then, just as the music abruptly ceased in response to the colonel's signal, bursting in at the door, followed by a couple of troopers, came Rorke, rushing for a ladder

that had been in use during the day. "It's that madman Graice, sorr," he cried, in answer to the look in his commander's face. "He's fired the tower and he's burning to death." Springing to the window, Helen Daunton dashed aside the curtain, and, all one glare of flame, the guardhouse burst upon the view, a black ladder, silhouetted against the blaze, was being raised at the instant the curtain fell from her nerveless hand. Will seized his cap, made one leap to the door, despite Kitty's frantic effort to seize him; then, missing his sabre, whirled about and rushed from point to point in search of it. Divining his object, the girl threw herself in front of the settee, behind which she had concealed it, and, when he sought to reach around her, desperately, determinedly fought him off. Seizing a cap, the colonel vanished into the night. Throwing over his shoulders the first mantle he could lay his hands on-which happened to oe Lucretia's-Wayne followed his leader. Will, delayed and maddened, only succeeded in capturing his sabre by Kitty out lifting the way: then he sprang to doorway to join the men hurrying from distant points to the scene. Ormsby, had rushed after the colonel, and women were left upon the floor. These, horror-stricken, yet fascinated, had gathered about the eastward window, where Helen Daunton crouched, unable to look again upon the frightful spectacle. It was Ellis who hurled aside the curtain, just as old Rorke, re-entering, sprang to the middle

"Come away, ma'am. For the love of God, Miss, stand clear of that window. The poor divil's climbed to the top, and the cannon powdher's in the tower."

With a moan of despair, Helen burst through the group and toward the open doorway, as though she herself would hie to the rescue. Rorke, with one leap, re-gained the threshold, and thrust her back. "My God, can no one save him?" she "Save him, ma'am! It's sure death to the

Johann Hoff has a suit pending against Tarrant & Co., to enjoin them from using the words "Hoff's Malt Extract" for an Extract bottled in their cellars in New York City.

光光光光光光 THE Johann Hoff Malt Extract has been used in my family for many years. possesses excellent medicinal qualities. Beware of imitations. The genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has this signature a foreme on neck label. EISNER & MENDELSON Co., Sole Agents, New York,

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man that dares to try it. Any moment may blow up. They're rushing clear of it now. The colonel's ordered them all back. No! God of hivvin, some one's climbing the ladder now! It's Captain Leale! Oh, don't let him, men! Oh, God! dhrive him back! Oh, what use is it? Did a man ever live that could turn Malcolm Leale from the duty he deemed his own?" And away rushed poor Terry. Ellis sprang to her mother's side just as, to the accompaniment of a shriek from Kitty's lips, there came'a dull roar, followed by a suilen thud and crash of fallen timbers, and the hoarse shouts of excited men. An instant later Ormsby, nearly breathless, leaped in at the

"They'll have to bring him in here. Leale would have saved him if he hadn't jumped. Ellis, your mother must not see his face. Take her into the dressing room." "And why?" cried Ellis. "The lives of our best and bravest have been risked to save that worthless life. This is no place for him. He shall not be brought here," "Hush," said Ormsby, in a low, intense tone, "In God's name, Ellis, hush. The man on that litter is your mother's sonyour own brother-Royle Farrar. That is the secret I was guarding for Helen Daunton-your brother's wife." A moment later as the women gathered about Mrs. Farrar, obedient to Ormsby's murmured injunction to keep her from seeing the face of the dying man, lest it prove too severe a shock to her weakened heart, the men came solemnly, bearing a stretch-

er on which lay the blanket-covered form. followed by a silent group of officers. The doctor simply touched the wrist, gave one glance into the scorched and blistered face, shook his head, and drew the blanket, Kitty, sobbing, clung to Willy's arm, their quarrel forgotten. Helen, who had thrown herself almost hysterically upon her knees at the stretcher's side, turned in added terror at the words of the colonel, "Another patient, doctor," for at the instant, supported by Wayne and others, Malcolm Leale was led within the doorway, a handkerchief pressed to his eyes. "He got the full flash of that explosion in his face," murmured the old soldier as the doctor met them. Then, in the solemn presence of death, in the hush and silence of the throng, Mrs. Farrar stepped forward

and laid her white hand gently, reverently

upon the lifeless breast. "Reckless and hardened he may have been," she said, "but somewhere-somewhere, I know, a mother's heart is yearning over him, and a mother's lips are praying for the boy she loves. And so it happened that only one or two could hear the single whispered word with which the doctor turned to his commander after one brief look into Malcolm's eyes.

(To be continued next Sunday.) IN THE GREAT CITY.

A Country Boy's Introduction to Life in New York.

May St. Nicholas. Seated on the edge of the iron basin, with a newspaper parcel unrolled in front of him, was a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, who, to the newsboy spectators, looked painfully neat and clean. Skip and his friends saw that the boy was a stranger in the city. The new-comer had taken from their newspaper wrappings a small cake of yellow soap and a piece of cotton cloth. Laying these on the iron edge of the fountain basin, he calmly proceeded to wash his face and hands, using a plentiful amount of soap; and then, to the intense astonishment of the spectators, applied the impromptu towel vigorously, He finished brushing his clothes, and then packed his "valise" by rolling the different articles carefully in the newspaper. Then,

friends seemed to think he should have done as soon as they arrived, he stood with his hands on his hips, as if waiting for them to take their departure. For a minute no one spoke, and the silence was really pain-The newsboys were mentally taking the

measure of this stranger who appeared ready to defy them, and the latter finally asked impatiently: "Well, what 're you fellers countin' on doin'? I reckon I'm no great sight for you to stand lookin' at." 'Do you live here?" Skip asked. "I'm goin' to now. Had it tough enough gettin' here, an' don't feel like leavin' till "Where did you come from?" "Up Saranac way."

"Rode down in a parlor car, I s'pose?" "Then you s'pose wrong, cause I walked." "You don't look it." And once more Skip scrutinized the stranger carefully. "I don't reckon I do. I count on keepin' myself kinder decent. It doesn't cost anything for a feller to wash his face, comb his hair or have his clothes clean, an' there's many a time when it'll pull him through in great shape." "Goin' to live on the interest of your money, I s'pose?" "Well, you s'pose right this time," was the reply. "That's my calkerlation; but it'll be on what I earn, not what I've got.' "Dead broke?"

"Not quite," and the boy took from his pocket a number of pennies, holding them in one hand, while he guarded himself against a possible attack. "There were twenty of 'em when I come 'cross the ferry, an' I b'lieve none of 'em have got away asked, beginning to fancy that possibly this

stranger was a boy whom it would be worth his while to cultivate, and, in order to show his friendliness, he seated himself in a studied attitude of careless ease on the edge of the basin, while the others immediately followed his example. "Whatever will bring in money enough for my keep and a little over."
"Thinkin' of sellin' papers?" Reddy asked "I reckon that'll be 'bout the first job cause I've got to make money enough for my supper, or dig too big a hole in my

"What's your name? "Teddy Thurston. "Do you.s'pose the fellers down here, what run the newspaper business, are goin' to have you comin' in takin' the bread an' butter out er their mouths?" Sid asked

"No. I don't reckon they will; but you see I'm not after that exactly. You fellers'l never find me tryin' to get your bread an' butter; but I'll tell you what you can count on for a fact," and now the stranger spoke in a very decided tone; "I'm reckonin' on stickin' to the newspaper business, if there's any money in it, jest as long as I want to. I didn't travel all the way down here to get scared the first day. You see, I figger it 'bout like this: Sam Thompson, he came to the city last summer, an' some fellows -I don't know whether it was you or notmade it not for him. It wasn't more'n a week before he was glad to walk back, although he came down in the cars. Now, I thought I'd begin right where Sam left off; I'd walk the first way, an' then, perhaps, stand a better chance of ridin' the other if I had to go; but it's got to be boys what are bigger than I am to scare me out er the plan. I've come to stay."

Boston Transcript.

"The library era" will probably be future architects' way bf designating the present period of architectural development in this country. It is a poor day when there is not an announcement of a new library, little or large, going up somewhere in the land of the free. It will take about two years more for the National Library at Washington to be finished and get into working order, but when all is done the dream and the work of Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, will reach a happy fruition. Since his appointment by President Lincoln, in 1961, as first assistant librarian, and his succeeding three years later to the Facilits descensus averne.

librarian's office, Mr. Spofford has been an indefatigable worker. One observer of his methods says that he seems to have the 700,000 books which compose the library catalogued in his mind, and he remembers about all sorts of volumes, important and unimportant, when they were written, by whom and when they came into the library. Thirty years ago the Library of Congress contained only about 70,000 books; now it has ten times as many, and the new building will have room for more than two million volumes. They are already getting ready to move, and things will be more or less upset for many moons to come

STRAWBERRY DESSERTS.

Recipes for Serving This Fruit in Most Tempting Guise. The Delineator.

Strawberry Pyramid.-Boil two cupfuls of rice in plenty of water until the grains can be easily crushed between the thumb and first finger, twenty minutes being usually long enough. Drain and spread a layer of rice on a serving dish, add an equal depth of strawberries and sprinkle lightly with sugar; then ade a smaller layer of rice and sweetened strawberries, and so continue, making the layers smaller and smaller, until an apex is reached and all the rice and fruit is used. Sprinkle with sugar and serve with whipped cream or

Strawberry Souffle.-Place & layer of berries in a glass serving dish, sprinkle on a sifting of fine sugar, add another layer of the fruit, then more sugar, and so continue until the necessary quadity of berries has been used. Let this afrangement stand on ice for four hours, or even longer, if convenient. For one quart of berries allow the following: One pint of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half saltspoonful of salt, Make a soft custard of these ingredients. preparing it according to the directions in the preceding recipe, and set it on ice Just before serving time whip to a froth half a pint of cream, add a tablespoonful of sugar, pour the custard over the top of the berries and place the whipped cream

on top of the custard. Strawberry Float .- One pint of strawberries, two cupfuls of pulverized sugar, two eggs, one pint of milk, vanilla to flavor. Crush the berries. Separate the white of the eggs from the yolks, beat the former to a stiff, dry froth, and add the sugar. Put in the crushed berries gradually, beating all the while, until the whole is a stiff pile of rosy cream; then place in a glass dish and set on ice. Beat the yolks of the eggs in half a cupful of the milk, place the remainder of the milk on the stove in a graniteware pan set in another containing boiling water, and when the milk is he add the beaten yolks, stir until the liquid is like thick cream, add salt, sugar and vanilla to taste, and set on ice to cool. This sauce is to be poured in serving about

the frothy berries. Strawberry Charlotte.-Eight ladyfingers one quart of strawberries, one-half pint of cream, two cupfuls of sugar. Mash a cupful of the berries, split the ladylingers in two, moisten them with the juice of the crushed berries and use them to line a serving dish. Place in the bottom of the dish a layer of berries, season with fine sugar, whip the cream to a froth, add layer of it and then another of fruit and sugar, and so continue in alteration until all the cream and fruit is used. Place on

ice and serve very cold. CARE OF THE INSANE.

Difficulty of Securing Attendants Who Have All the Virtues. New York Mail and Express.

I had occasion not long ago to assist in conveying a young man to a State asylum for the insane. After delivering him to the authorities I met in the reception room one of the younger physicians in charge, a pleasant-faced young fellow, who, on my

introducing myself, invited me into his office. Falling into conversation, I said to "Now, you know the public are continu-ally hearing accounts of ill treatment of patients in this and similar institutions. While such things are possible, I know how easily they may be exaggerated, and, as that is both unfair and trying to men and women wanting to do their duty in a calling exceptionally disagreeable, I would be obliged, provided you see fit to do so, if you would give me something at least of

your side of the story." He looked at me a moment, then laid back in his chair, put his hands behind his head and said slowly: "We shall soon need a new assistant in one of what may be termed the lower wards-where the worst cases of the poor, if not pauper, insane are confined-those unfortunate, wretched creatures, far from being desirable acquaintances, even if in health, and who, though in human form, know no more of the proprieties and decencies of life than criminals and who must be attended to as if they were infants, or the ward would soon become in-

Now, as I said, we shall soon want a man for that ward. Will you take the position? "No, sir," I said. "Excuse me." "Could money hire you to take it?" "No. sir."

tolerable.

"Have you any friend, or even acquaint-ance, in your class of society who you think would like the job?" "No, I have not." So a little further: "Do you know of any

one who would take such a position? "No. sir, I do not; but I see where this is coming out. "Precisely," he rejoined. "And you see the alternative-that we are forced to go pretty low down for a certain class of assistants, or else look for angels, and angels are rather scarce in this part of the State. "We feel our responsibility and try our best to do our duty. The rules are very strict, and it is almost impossible for a patient to be ill-treated without the management becoming aware of it. Still, ill-

treatment sometimes occurs, but with the grade of help which, in some portions of the institution, we are compelled to have, the wonder is that there is not a great deal more of it."

Too Much Photography.

New York Mail and Express. Ordinarily I do not stand with the pessimists who think the world was better of before we had telegraphy, telephony there is such a word), and all the other space annihilators of the present day. But sometimes I do wish that photography had not made cheap picture production such an easy matter. A little child picked a lady's pocket in Central Park the other day. I am sorry to say it was a little girl only nine years old.

It was a first offense, and she had been urged on to it by another juvenile ne'er-do-Doubtless the mere laying on of a p man's hand frightened the soul out of the little body almost. A sharp reprimand would have seemed quite adequate for such an experimental bit of naughtiness. Instead we have columns of descriptive matter, and we have next day the small sinner's photograph to gaze upon. She is la-beled "a young pickpocket." Doubtless she had never sat before the camera in all her poverty-pinched little life. She has been immortalized in print. She is a personage when before she was an obscure little atom of humanity of no earthly interest to any one but the mother who wept bitter tears

over her first dereliction. Having one's photograph in the papers